However difficult it may be to define his personality and ciedo, it is certain that the *Journals* of Andre Gide, like Goethe's *Conversations icith Eckermann* and Montaigne's *Essays,* reveal a moral philosopher struggling with the fundamental problems of humanity. The comparison with those two giants of modern letters is not fortuitous, since they have been Gide's constant companions from his earliest years. Complaining at the age of fifty-nine that he had waited too long to write certain things, he comments that Montaigne's strength comes from distrusting his memory and writing on the spur of the moment rather than waiting until he had better organized his thought; "I have always counted too much on the future and had recourse to too much rhetoric," he adds. This reproach, just or unjust in the case of the other writing, cannot be addressed to the *Journals.* It may be simply because of their spontaneity that they will endure, for, more than any other work, they show us Andre Gide himself and prove that, like Montaigne and Goethe, he is first a man and secondly a waiter.